
Title: A Slave's Shadow

Author: S. M.

Through the ages of
time and the annals
of Darkness has
existed the servitude
of one unto another,
or of one unto a
cause. This tale is
of that, of such a
servitude and what it
can bring to those
who fail and to those
who succeed. Our tale
takes place within the
frozen wastes of
Dagger Isle within
the lands of Sosaria,
during an early period
of its time when still
did a King known as
British sit upon his
throne. A time twas
it of constant tales of
glory and darkness,
with daemons and
evil itself corrupting
the lands whence the
Light did not stop it.
Our tale takes focus
on two young persons,
a lad by the name of
Salius and his sister,
Raiven, magi both.
The two children,
early in their
proffession came
across a Necromancer
of the Order of the
Ebon Skull to whom,
after seeing some
small feats of his in
the Dark Arts,
quickly inlisted to the
Order. But they
where hardly prepared
for the tribulations
that being a Slave to
Oblivion requires.

Snow fell lightly
upon the wasteland
which was Caina, a
storm having just
spent its fury on the
withered bone which
made up so many of
the buildings there.
Blood stains sat ever
present in the gray
cold that littered the
ground, adding some
odd color to the bleak
landscape. From
across the ways, the
crunches of feet in
snow echoed across the
buildings, being but
the only sounds
present in the city.
From about a corner,
two figures garbed in
tattered robes and
carring bags that
seemed too heavy for
their frail persons
staggered forward.
Life drained of their
features, and some of
their limbs now
frost-bitten, they
trudged through the
frozen wastes with no
expression on their
bowed faces. Onwards
they trudged, oblivious
to the straining of
their malnourished
bodies as numbness of
fever took them.
One collapsed to the
ground, almost
immediatly burried by
the snow as the other
turned slowly and
lowered his pack.

"Sister, please... Gath
will whip us if we
are not quick in
providing the ingots
for his death knights
armor." Spoke Salius
as he offered a hand
towards his sister.

"Why must we do
this anyway, Salius?"

We are slaves under
Mesostopholes, why so
must we labor for
that rotting piece of..."

She spoke in kind,
tears welling at her
eyes as her body
shivered. She
excepted his hand and
raised to her feet as
her brother spoke to
her.

"Silence, sister!
Please... if anyone
heard you talking so,
they would flay the
skin from your bones...
please, we must do as
we're bid by our
masters." His voice
nearly cracked as he
braced himself in the
snow to lift her up.
Picking up her bags,
he lifted them onto
her shoulders before
picking up his own
and continuing on his
way once again.
Sibling in tow, he
made his way to the
designated place... the
Asylum of Perdition.
Leaning heavily into
one of the wooden
doors as the sign
outside squeaked on
its hinges, Salius
tugged on the latch of
the other. With a
creak louder than that
of the sign, the door
slowly opened to
reveal a creature
standing within.
Heads bowing lower
than they already
where, the two of
them entered into the
presence of Gath of
Baal. Skeletal frame
clad in the darkest
platemail, kept aloft
through some foul
arcane workings, this
dark beings very
visage struck terror

into the hearts of the two. Growling, it turned red eyes which glowed within a white skull towards the two and bellowed an order.

"Lay down those bags before me and begone, slaves! I have no wish to spend more time on thy pitiful selves then I already have."

The two dropped their packs and turned to go, though they stopped at a bellow from Gath. Turning quickly, their eyes opening wide as they say the dreaded Knight of Oblivion hoisting up a bag of ingots only to have the bottom drip with water. "What is THIS?!?" The Dark Knight called to them in a menacing tone, tossing the bag directly at Raiven as it was one of those she had dropped for the skeleton. "I would never think of a daemon to stuff snow into his precious metals... some are no doubt RUINED because of this. Which of you is responsible?!?" Red eyes burned holes into the individual souls of the two pitiful beings before him before Salius stepped forward and looked into the dark creatures glowing eyes.

"Twas I, m'lord, who accidently dropped my bags into the snow... I beg thy forgiveness,

I..." The boy pleaded,
before being struck
across the face with a
metal gauntlet.

"Now you pay..."
Hissed Gath as he
slowly approached the
lad, stooping to pick
him up. From her
place at the door,
Raiven watched the
shadows behind them
as the beating
commenced. Before
long, blood began to
splatter the walls
before finally finding
its way onto her
robes. A spattering
of the red liquid
found its way onto
her face, to which she
simply wiped the
stuff off and watched
as the imposing
shadow of the Dread
Knight continued to
beat the helpless form
of her brother.
Minutes turned into
an hour, and finally
the battered form of
her brother lay at her
feet as she heard the
Death Knight scream
for her to leave with
that filth, pointing to
her sibling. Picking
him up, she carried
him back into the
snow towards the
Necromancers home,
where her lord and
master waited. Once
returned, she settled
her siblings battered
body before
Mesostopholes.

"Master... Gath of
Baal injured thy
servant verily..."

The daemon turned
back towards the girl,
eyes blazing for a
moment with a

sinister fire before
his face became a
tranquile mask of
humanity once again.
Settling a hand upon
the boys chest, life
gurgled back into his
body before he bid him
stand.

"Servant of Darkness,
I have one final duty
for thee to perform
before ye may advance
and learn of the Dark
Arts." The daemon
spoke as Sailus's eyes
widened. "Ye must
take this dagger and
plunge it into thy
sisters breast." A
cruel smile twisted on
the High
Necromancers lips as
he handed the slave
an ornate dagger with
a red pommel, turning
him towards his
sibling. Eyes
blinking, Salius threw
down the blade and
burst into tears as he
looked upon his blood
streaked sister.
Covering his eyes, he
barely saw the blade
enter into his own
breast, directed by her
hand.
"Well done... welcome."